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The Riverside Literature Series

ROMEO AND JULIET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

THE text and the line-numbering in this volume are those of *The Cambridge Shakespeare*, edited by Professor W. A. Neilson. In references to other plays of Shakespeare, the line-numbering of the same edition has been followed.

While the distinction is one that cannot be absolutely drawn, the *Introduction* treats of questions relating to the play as a whole, and the *Notes* treat of details. In the *Introduction*, a comparatively large amount of space is devoted to the previous versions of the story, as affording an unusually interesting example of literary evolution. The *Notes* are intended as an aid both to understanding and to appreciating the play; pains have been taken to limit those with the former purpose to matters which a student really needs to know. Thus no minute account is given of the "tassel-gentle" or of the game of "Dun's in the mire."

In conclusion, the editor wishes to record his obligations to his colleagues, Professor Martin W. Sampson, Professor Lane Cooper, Professor Joseph Quincy Adams, Jr., and Mr. Frederick M. Smith, who have aided him with information, counsel, and encouragement.

W. STRUNK, JR.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
June 28, 1911.

INTRODUCTION

The Text

Romeo and Juliet was first published in 1597. This edition, known as the First Quarto (Q1), is badly printed, containing obvious blunders and omissions. It bears every indication of being one of those "stolen and surreptitious copies" of which Shakespeare's fellow-actors, the editors of the First Folio, complained, and which unprincipled publishers at times issued, employing shorthand reporters to take down the text in the theatre, and bribing actors to furnish the words of their parts. Q1, however, is occasionally useful in giving the right reading where subsequent early editions are incorrect, and is also of value for its stage-directions, which seem to have been noted from the actual performance. The Second Quarto (Q2), printed in 1599, and professing to give the play as "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," does actually present a text which has undergone slight revision in numerous places, and apparently is an authorized publication of the correct text. The Third Quarto (Q3), printed in 1607, is a reprint of Q2. The First Folio (F1), of 1623, the first collective edition of Shakespeare's plays, reprints *Romeo and Juliet* from Q3. Q2 is thus the main authority for the play in its final form, and its text is the basis of the present volume. The stage-directions of Q1 have been used to supplement those of Q2; a few others, necessary for clearness, have been added in brackets.

The Date

The title-page of Q1 describes the tragedy as "often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the L. of Hunsdon his Servants." The company of actors to which Shakespeare belonged was officially so named from July, 1596, to April, 1597. The argument that the Nurse's line, "'T is since the earthquake now eleven years" (I, iii, 23), enables us to fix the date of performance in 1591, eleven years after a notable English earthquake, is not very convincing. As Professor Dowden points out, the

humor of the allusion may have lain in the fact that the Nurse was astray in her chronology. The best recent criticism has tended to regard the play as probably written within a year, one way or the other, of 1595, when Shakespeare was about thirty-one years of age. The frequent use of rhyme and stanza, the occasional passages of rhetorical declamation, and the fondness for verbal wit and word-play, employed sometimes in most inappropriate places, mark the play as comparatively early, while its masterly construction and superb poetry prevent us from placing it among Shakespeare's earliest works.

The Nature of the Story

The plot of *Romeo and Juliet* belongs to that class of stories whose subject may be indicated by the phrase, love contending against obstacles. The same may be said of nine tenths of the stories, poems, novels, and plays ever written in which love is a principal concern. Unless love meets with obstacles, it is not as a rule interesting to other people, and story-tellers, novelists, and dramatists aim to be interesting. Again and again Shakespeare treated plots of this class: *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, not to mention others, are all stories of love contending against obstacles. By characterizing the plot a little more precisely, we may bring it under a narrower division, that of stories which deal with lovers separated by a family feud. A plot of this nature obviously contains possibilities of great interest: the striking contrast between the hatred of two families and the love existing between two of their children; the secrecy of stolen interviews; the danger of detection, and the consequent suspense; perhaps the conflicting emotions of a hero or heroine hesitating between love and filial duty; perhaps, if the scene is appropriately laid, sword-play, and a thrilling escape or a tragic death. Of stories of this kind, *Romeo and Juliet* is by far the best known.[1]

[1] *Vanity Fair* (George Osborne and Amelia Sedley) and *The Mill on the Floss* (Philip Wakem and Maggie Tulliver) deal with lovers separ-

A story or play dealing with lovers separated by a family feud is not necessarily tragic. According to the way in which the author conceives his characters, to the incidents of which the action is made to consist, to the manner in which the reader or auditor is made to regard the characters and the incidents, and to the conclusion, it will be farcical or comic, romantic or melodramatic or tragic. A drama embodying such a story would be called a farce if it led through ridiculous misadventures to a happy conclusion; a comedy, if it led through amusing situations to a happy conclusion, with a treatment less boisterous and extravagant than that of farce; a romance, if sentiment and adventure were the features principally stressed; a melodrama, if violent contrasts and thrilling incident were sought at the expense of truth to life and of credibility. The term tragedy is properly applied to a play which arouses deep and serious emotions by the spectacle of a disastrous struggle against fate or circumstance. In the hero of a tragedy, or in the hero and heroine, we expect to find a nature, not indeed perfect, but great and noble. In the action, we expect to find this nature contending generously against obstacles, without surrender or compromise, and in the conclusion, we expect to see it, not outwardly triumphing, for fate or untoward circumstance or united opposition is too strong to be thwarted by a single will, but somehow manifesting in apparent defeat such grandeur that our pity and terror are relieved by admiration.[1]

In the light of this definition, it will be observed that *Romeo and Juliet* is not a tragedy of the strictest or purest kind. Marked differences distinguish it from the great tragedies of Shakespeare's later years. Romeo is not a great and impressive figure like Macbeth, or Othello, or King Lear. The action which he seeks to accomplish is less momentous than that which is undertaken by Macbeth or

ated by the enmity of their parents, but of course under very different conditions of life from those represented in *Romeo and Juliet*. The story of Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* is an adaptation from *Romeo and Juliet*.

[1] See A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, chap. I, on which the above is based.

Hamlet. Nor did the subject require of Shakespeare, as did later those of *Hamlet* and *Lear*, that he should look deeply into difficult and disquieting problems. The philosophy of the play is simple: — the fomenters of wanton strife will be punished in unexpected ways; the malice of destiny brings the plans of mortals to grief. The play, indeed, arouses intense emotion, but does not arouse profound thought. In short, we may say that the figures and the action are romantic, rather than heroic, and may fitly call the play a romantic tragedy. As such, it may be said to be unrivaled for beauty, for brilliancy, for the lyric fervor of its love-scenes, for the interest and pathos with which Shakespeare has invested its story of passionate and ill-fated youthful love.

Shakespeare's Source: Brooke's Romeus and Juliet

Shakespeare's usual practice was not to invent his own plots, but to base his plays upon narratives or dramas already existing. The story of the two lovers of Verona had been popular for many years in Italy, France, and England; indeed, it had been known to English readers, and apparently to English playgoers, before Shakespeare was born. The story had been told in English verse in 1562 by Arthur Brooke in his *Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet* (reprinted, 1587), based on Boisteau's French version of the story. In his prefatory remarks, Brooke incidentally says, "I saw the same argument [i. e., subject] lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for." This seems to be a reference to a lost English play, concerning which no further testimony exists. It has been argued that this play survived to the time of Shakespeare, and was used by him as the basis of *Romeo and Juliet*.[1] What is beyond question, however, is that Shakespeare used Brooke's poem as his chief, if not only, source for the general outlines of plot and character, reshaping the story, meanwhile, in ways suggested by the requirements of the dramatic form, and in ways suggested by his own incomparably higher poetic discernment.

[1] H. de W. Fuller, *Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

The Predecessors of Brooke

As not only the changes made by Shakespeare in dramatizing Brooke's poem, but also the previous stages in the evolution of the story are of great interest, it will be worth our while to examine the earlier versions of the story that form part of the direct ancestry. The Italian prose tale of Mariotto and Gianozza, written in 1476, by Masuccio, will be taken as our point of departure. This, or some lost story of closely similar character, was remodeled about 1529 by Da Porto, who is the first author to use the names Romeo and Juliet (Giulietta) and to lay the scene of the story in Verona. Da Porto's story was retold, with embellishments and additions, by Bandello, the author of a famous collection of tales, in 1554. Bandello's version was translated into French prose (and considerably modified in the process) by Boisteau in 1559. Brooke based his English poem of 1562 on Boisteau.[1]

Masuccio

While single elements that reappear in the story of Romeo and Juliet occur in various ancient and mediæval stories, the tale of Masuccio is the earliest in which are combined a secret marriage, the exile of the hero for homicide, the simulation of death by the heroine to avoid marriage to another suitor, the non-delivery of a letter intended to warn her husband of the deception, and the consequent death of both lovers. Hence we are justified in regarding his tale as the earliest extant form of the Romeo and Juliet legend. His account runs as follows: Gianozza and Mariotto, two young lovers of Siena, are prevented from marrying by the opposition of her friends. Mariotto bribes a friar to marry them secretly. Some time afterward, Mariotto kills a fellow-townsman in

[1] Translations of Masuccio and Da Porto may be found in Roscoe's *Italian Novelists*. A translation of Boisteau, by William Paynter, published in his *Palace of Pleasure* (1567), but apparently not used by Shakespeare, may be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*. Brooke's poem, admirably edited by J. J. Munro, is published in *The Shakespeare Classics*. Analyses of these and other versions of the story, with discussions of their relations to each other and to Shakespeare's play, may be found in the introduction to Daniel's edition of Brooke's poem, *New Shakespeare Society*, 1875; in the article by Schulze, *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, XI; and in the introduction to Munro's edition of Brooke.

a quarrel, and is compelled to flee to Alexandria, leaving his bride in charge of her brother. After some months, her father insists upon her marrying one of her numerous suitors. Not daring to confess the real truth, she promises to obey, and then, sending for the Friar, persuades him to furnish her with a drug that would produce a deathlike sleep lasting three days. After writing her husband a full account of her plan for rejoining him, she drinks the potion, is taken for dead, and is buried. Her letter to Mariotto is intercepted by pirates, while a letter from his brother, telling of her death, is delivered. Mariotto returns to Siena, and attempting to break into his wife's tomb that he may lie in death by her side, is apprehended. As he has been banished under pain of death, he is sentenced and beheaded. Meanwhile Gianozza has been removed from the tomb by the Friar, and in the disguise of a monk has made her way to Alexandria. Learning there of his return to Siena, she likewise returns, arriving there three days after his execution. According to the argument or title of the story, she dies broken-hearted on her husband's body; according to the story itself, she retires to a nunnery and pines to death.

Even this brief summary reveals certain weaknesses in Masuccio's story. Long, uneventful periods of time separate the principal incidents. The man slain by Mariotto is a mere chance figure, otherwise unknown to the action, whose death is simply the story-teller's pretext to separate the lovers. How Gianozza came by her knowledge of sleeping-potions is unexplained. It may be added that Masuccio fails to individualize his characters, and neglects some of his most obvious opportunities. For instance, the first meeting of the lovers is not even mentioned, and the combat in which Mariotto slays his opponent occupies but a single sentence.

In Da Porto's story, the scene is laid at Verona, under the rule of Bartolomeo della Scala — Shakespeare's Prince Escalus. The names of the lovers are Romeo and Giulietta; they belong to the hostile

Da Porto

houses of Montecchi and Cappelletti, between whom there is a deadly feud. Giulietta's age is eighteen. Romeo follows some lady to a ball given by Giulietta's father. He is attired as a wood-nymph, and surpasses in beauty all the ladies present. Giulietta instantly falls in love with him. She finds herself next to him in a dance in which the dancers join hands in a ring. This leads to compliments on her part and to an avowal of love on his. After the parting, Romeo resolves to give his life to her service. Juliet hopes that a match between them may reconcile their families.

Romeo begins to watch for glimpses of Juliet at church, and to watch beneath her windows. He scales the wall, and climbs to a balcony commanding a view of her chamber.

One moonlight night she discovers him there, and calls to him, "Wherefore, O Romeo, come you hither?"

He replies, "It is the will of love; therefore do I come."

"And if you should be found here, Romeo, know you it would be sudden death?"

"Too well I do, dear lady, and I doubt not it will so happen some night. . . . But as I must some time die, . . . I would rather yield my breath here, as near you as I dare, with whom I would ever live, did Heaven and you consent."

After some months, they are secretly married by Juliet's confessor, Fra Lorenzo. Not many days later, in a fresh outbreak of the feud, Romeo, who for Juliet's sake has at first held aloof, sees his own party driven back in a conflict in the streets, and with one blow kills Tebaldo Cappelletti, the hostile leader. For this he is banished under pain of death. He takes refuge in Mantua.

Juliet's grief is ascribed by her mother to her being still unmarried. Despite her protests, her parents arrange to marry her to the Count of Lodrone. She asks the Friar for poison to end her life. He proposes his sleeping-potion. Juliet writes to Romeo of her plan, feigns consent to the marriage, drinks the potion, is found apparently dead, and is

buried. The messenger, a friar, fails to find Romeo, and retains the letter. A servant carries to Romeo the tidings of Juliet's death. Only by force is Romeo prevented from immediate suicide. Taking with him some poison, which he has ready with him, he returns to Verona, and at night opens Juliet's tomb, finds her apparently lifeless body, and drinks the poison. At this moment she awakes, and finds him restored to her, only to learn that he is dying. She swoons. The Friar and his companion arrive. In their presence, Romeo breathes his last. Juliet refuses to be placed in a nunnery, and unwilling to live, retains her breath, and dies. The friars are apprehended by the guards, and confess all to the prince. The lovers are buried together. The warring houses are reconciled.

A comparison of this story with that of Masuccio shows improvement at every point. To Da Porto we owe the feud between the two houses, which is the real secret of the power of the story. To him we owe the first meeting at Capulet's ball and the love at first sight. He first contrives that the man slain by Romeo shall be Juliet's own kinsman, a detail so much more poignant than the mere killing of a casual enemy. He invents Juliet's unwillingness to survive Romeo, and her prompt ending of her own life, so essential to the tragic completeness of the story. Note also the dramatic force of the situation where Juliet recovers consciousness, only to discover that Romeo must die.

Bandello

The version by Bandello, an able man of letters and skillful story-teller, is simply an elaboration of that of Da Porto, whom in places he copies exactly, for pages at a time. His principal additions are these: Bandello makes a great deal of the hint that at the beginning of the story, Romeo already imagines himself in love with another young woman. One of Romeo's friends, incensed at the lady's harshness, urges him to go to the ball that he may see other beauties and abandon his profitless passion. After the ball, Juliet learns of Romeo's identity from her nurse, "a good old woman, who knew almost everything." Bandello first introduces the ladder of cords

by which Romeo climbs to Juliet's chamber. Tebaldo is made Juliet's cousin, and the incident in which he loses his life is considerably developed. In the midst of a brawl between Montagues and Capulets, Romeo chances to arrive, accompanied by friends and servants. He attempts to act as peacemaker, is violently assailed by Tebaldo, and is forced, in self-defense, to slay him. The suitor provided by Juliet's father is now called Count Paris of Lodrone. When the Friar gives Juliet the potion, he asks her if she does not fear to be laid in the tomb beside Tebaldo's corpse. This prepares for the soliloquy which Bandello ascribes to Juliet before she drinks the potion: —

"Alas! what am I about to do? Where am I about to cause myself to be placed? If I should chance to wake before Romeo and the Friar come, what will become of me? Can I endure to lie beside the mouldering corpse of Tebaldo? Who knows whether serpents and vermin will not swarm within the tomb?"

The letter to Romeo is written by the Friar. The messenger, alighting at a monastery in Mantua to get a companion, is quarantined because of the death of one of the brethren by plague. Romeo obtains his poison in Mantua from a Spoletan. Within the tomb, after he has drunk the poison, and found Juliet restored to life too late, he apostrophizes the corpse of Tebaldo, asking pardon for having caused his death.

It is clear that Bandello played no small part in the gradual shaping of the story. In his amplifications of Da Porto's narrative, and in his introduction of new details and new themes, he shows a fine artistic sense. Many features retained in Shakespeare's play owe their origin to Bandello.

Boisteau

The whole collection of Bandello's tales was early translated into French by Belleforest and Boisteau, the latter being the translator of the story of Romeo and Juliet. A large part of his version is a direct translation from the Italian, but he also ventured a few alterations and additions which were carried over into

Shakespeare's play. It is now Romeo, not Juliet, who suggests applying to Friar Lorenzo to marry them. The Nurse has a little more to say and to do than before. Romeo buys his poison of a poor apothecary in Mantua. After Romeo and Pietro have opened the grave, he orders Pietro to depart on pain of death. After he has entered the tomb, taken the poison, and apostrophized the corpse of Tybalt, he dies, Juliet still remaining unconscious. Pietro returns with the Friar, they find Romeo's body, and Juliet awakes. The Friar offers to place her in a convent, but on seeing Romeo's body, she gives way to a passion of grief. Hearing a sound, that of the guard approaching, the Friar and Pietro flee, and Juliet slays herself with Romeo's dagger. The guard apprehend the Friar and Pietro, with the result that the whole story comes to light. The Nurse is banished, the apothecary hanged, Pietro dismissed, the Friar becomes a hermit, and the families are reconciled.

In this altered conclusion, the story, which has hitherto gained with every retelling, now for the first time undergoes positive detriment. What prompted Boisteau to remove from the story the last pathetic scene between the lovers, can only be conjectured. In any event, he unconsciously determined Shakespeare's conclusion, for this variation was transmitted unchanged to Shakespeare, and by him accepted. One feels that if Shakespeare had known the versions of Da Porto or Bandello, he would not have allowed Romeo to die before Juliet awoke.

Brooke

Brooke's poem, 3020 lines in length, purports to be based on Bandello, but is really an expanded metrical version of Boisteau. A fair specimen of its manner is the following, describing Juliet's emotions after the ball:

> But though her grievous pains distrained her tender heart,
> Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart,
> And of the courtly dames her leave so curtly took,
> That none did guess the sudden change by changing of her look.
> Then at her mother's hest to chamber she her hied,
> So well she feigned, mother ne nurse the hidden harm descried.

But when she would have slept, as wont she was, in bed,
Not half a wink of quiet sleep could harbor in her head,
For lo, a hugy heap of divers thoughts arise,
That rest have banished from her heart, and slumber from her eyes.
And now from side to side she tosseth and she turns,
And now for fear she shivereth, and now for love she burns.

Brooke accepts the main outlines of the story as he found them, amplifying the descriptions and supplying long speeches for the characters. But he also contributes some inventions of his own. Juliet's age is now given as sixteen. Capulet sends written invitations to his feast. Scenes between Romeo and the Nurse, and between the Nurse and Juliet, are introduced in connection with the marriage. The scene between Romeo and the apothecary first takes definite form. But Brooke's great claim to distinction lies in his being the first to see the possibilities of the Nurse as a comic figure, and the effectiveness of contrasting her — old, vulgar, garrulous, venal, and of the earth earthy — with the youth and poetry and passion of Juliet. The execution is clumsy, but the intention is clear. The conclusion, as altered by Boisteau, is retained without essential change.

Shakespeare's Handling of the Story

The story of Romeo and Juliet, as it came to Shakespeare's hands in Brooke's poem, was admirably adapted to dramatic treatment. The successive alterations through which it had passed had greatly increased its interest, its naturalness, and its emotional intensity. Shakespeare's task was to improve it still further in these respects, to impart life and individuality to the characters, and to throw the whole series of incidents into dramatic form. The changes he introduced are too many for complete enumeration, inasmuch as every scene involves countless new details, but the most significant of his alterations may be pointed out. By concentrating the entire action within five days, and reducing the number of meetings between the lovers to five, he not only intensifies the interest, but strengthens the passion of the lovers. He introduces an outbreak of the feud at the beginning of the action, making this the

occasion for a display of violence by Tybalt and a threat of severity by the Prince.[1] He represents the ball as given by Capulet with the express purpose of furthering the suit of Paris, and makes Tybalt discover and resent Romeo's intrusion. In previous versions, nothing is heard of Tybalt before the fray in which he is killed, or of Paris until Romeo is banished. He creates the character of Mercutio, and makes Mercutio's death the provocation for Romeo's slaying of Tybalt. In the final scene he makes Paris meet his death at the hands of Romeo. He links the incidents together so closely that the whole course of the action seems to be the natural working-out of the forces with which we are made acquainted at the beginning. And, touched by his imagination, the characters seem to spring into life. The balcony scene and the scene in which Juliet drinks the potion are signal instances. In these we are enabled to follow every turn of Juliet's thought, and to share each emotion as it rises. And we find manifested such truth to nature, and at the same time such individuality, that we are constantly tempted to forget that she is only a creature of the imagination, and to think and speak of her as real. A comparison with the Juliet of Brooke's poem will show that Shakespeare has not only given the heroine this semblance of independent life, but has dignified and ennobled her as well. The part of Romeo, though offering fewer opportunities, has undergone similar transformation. On Tybalt, old Capulet, the Friar, Mercutio, and the Nurse, it is here unnecessary to dwell.

It is apparent from the above discussion that in the successive rewritings of which we have taken account, the story of Romeo and Juliet has constantly gained in motivation, that is, in the logical connection of circumstance, incident, and character. As said above, the final changes introduced by Shakespeare have so perfected this motivation that the whole course of the action seems to be the inevitable result of the initial premises. Granted

Motivation

[1] For further comment on this and the following alterations, see the notes at the head of the corresponding scenes.

the bitter feud between the two houses, the ardent and impulsive natures of the two lovers, Capulet's intention to marry his daughter to a suitor of his own choosing, the fiery partisanship of Tybalt, and the Friar's knowledge of herbs and drugs, all else seems to follow as a matter of course, provided only that Romeo and Juliet be brought together. The meeting of the lovers is made to result from the servant's showing Romeo the invitations, and from Benvolio's counsel to Romeo to go uninvited to the ball and "examine other beauties." The actual meeting of Romeo and Benvolio with the servant is plainly a matter of chance, but Shakespeare has been at pains to give an appearance of naturalness and reasonableness to the related circumstances. The ball itself has been planned to further the suit of Paris. The meeting with the servant is made to occur at the very moment when Benvolio is striving to find a remedy for Romeo's discouragement due to his unsuccessful suit of Rosaline. The servant shows the invitations to Romeo because he himself cannot read. Thus the artifice of chance meeting is made unobtrusive, and passes almost undetected because of the naturalness of the rest.

As we follow the ensuing action, we find a constant succession of cause and effect. Romeo's going to the ball leads to his receiving the challenge from Tybalt and to his marriage with Juliet. His marriage to Juliet brings about his unwillingness to encounter Tybalt. This prompts Mercutio to engage with Tybalt in the combat which causes Mercutio's death. To avenge this Romeo kills Tybalt, — an act that brings from the Prince the prompt decree of banishment. This enforced separation brings on Juliet's grief, which her father undertakes to remedy by hastening her marriage to Paris. This causes her to have recourse to the potion of the Friar, and so on. The whole course of the action seems, on superficial examination, to be an unbroken sequence of cause and effect.

But upon closer inspection, this apparent inevitableness is found to be largely misleading. The element of chance

continually recurs. Juliet appears upon her balcony and sighs forth Romeo's name at the very moment when Romeo is stationed beneath. Romeo is on his way home from the wedding at the very hour when the Capulets are abroad under the lead of his enemy Tybalt. By an unforeseen chance Friar John is prevented from delivering Friar Laurence's letter to Romeo. Juliet, meanwhile, owing to her father's arbitrary change of the day set for her wedding, has been compelled to drink the potion on Tuesday night instead of Wednesday night, with the result that Balthasar informs Romeo of her supposed death before Friar Laurence learns of the non-delivery of his own message. If Paris had only come to the grave a half-hour earlier, he could have finished his errand and returned home in safety. If the Friar had only reached the tomb a few moments earlier, he would have met Romeo, all would have been explained, and the play would have ended happily. Or if Juliet had only recovered consciousness before Romeo had drunk the poison, the lovers might have lived happily ever afterward. Again and again, in short, we find situations in which a little difference either way, in time or circumstance, would have made a happy ending possible. What has become of the logical connection of incidents, which seemed so convincing?

The Element of Chance

Shakespeare has answered this question in poetic phrase in the *Prologue*. The catastrophe which overtakes the lovers is not to be ascribed to mere random strokes of chance; what defeats them can be spoken of as a single force. In Shakespeare's words they are "star-cross'd." This is the language of an outworn belief; it attributes the failure of human enterprise to the malicious intervention of planets. But the words may be taken less literally. Romeo and Juliet were indeed defeated by a force, or a set of forces, mightier than themselves, namely, the sum total of all the conventions, prejudices, and habits of the society in which they lived. Although Shakespeare cannot convince us that they must inevitably have met their deaths through the failure of Friar John to deliver a letter, he surely con-

vinces us that they were certain to meet with ultimate disaster, that if they did not split on one rock, they would on another. Nowhere does Shakespeare intimate that any blame falls upon the lovers themselves; it is "the continuance of their parents' rage" which was at fault, and, so long as this endured, their attempt to find happiness in each other's love was a futile striving against the stars in their courses.

The Comic Element

In *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare follows the common Elizabethan practice of combining tragic and comic elements in a single play. This had been done for centuries in the miracle plays, and was the usage to which popular audiences were accustomed. *Gorboduc* (1562) and similar tragedies composed in imitation of those of Seneca, with no departure from the formal and sententious style believed to be appropriate to a lofty subject, had been enthusiastically welcomed by persons of academic taste, who held that English poetry and drama needed to be reconstructed in conformity with classical models, but these academic products had never won popular favor. Dramas written for the public stage, even when they dealt with historical or tragic subjects, usually contained comic characters and comic scenes, despite the objections of critics like Sir Philip Sidney, who deplored this concession to popular taste. Tragedies that followed the classical practice had, it is true, the theoretical advantage that every scene might be made to contribute to a unified impression. But the blending of comedy with tragedy had at least three weighty reasons in its favor. The presence of comic rôles in a drama provided opportunities for members of the company who might otherwise have had no parts. The alternation of serious and pathetic provided contrast, and offered relief to overwrought emotion. Finally, a drama so composed might well be regarded as presenting a more faithful image of life, in which joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, the ludicrous and the pathetic, often alternate in close succession, and sometimes are inextricably blended.

The humorous element in drama may be regarded as

comprising two main kinds, high and low comedy, differing in their quality, methods, and purpose. High comedy is, or should be, brilliant and sparkling, and is of a more intellectual character than low comedy. It deals with the humorous aspects of social life, and the characters who take part in it are commonly persons of social position. Its chief elements are wit and humorous situation. The high comedy in *Romeo and Juliet* is mainly furnished by Mercutio, a witty and dashing young courtier, a kinsman of the Prince, distinguished by his high spirits, lively fancy, and keen sense of the ludicrous. This high comedy depends chiefly upon wit, and very little upon situation. The difference may be appreciated by comparing the passages II, ii, and III, i, in which Mercutio rallies Romeo upon his love for Rosaline, with *Much Ado About Nothing* III, ii, in which Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio rally Benedick upon his love for Beatrice. In the former scenes, Mercutio has no direct concern with Romeo's supposed love; he merely seizes upon it as a subject for banter. In the latter scene, the characters first named are actively engaged in a friendly plot to make Benedick realize that he is in love, and we are amused, not merely by the humor of the dialogue, but also because we detect in it a hidden purpose, of which Benedick is unaware.

High Comedy: Mercutio

Low comedy is a more elementary and more obvious form of humor than high comedy. The essence of low comedy lies not in the intricacies of situation, but in patent absurdity. The characters who contribute to low comedy are generally of humbler social position than those of high comedy. They are conceived of as grotesque or ridiculous in feature and dress, in action, gesture, and speech. They are illiterate, and provoke laughter by their blundering speech; or they are stupid, and amuse by the absurdity of their thoughts and actions. Such a figure is Juliet's nurse, a vulgar and illiterate woman, garrulous and vain, who furnishes the greater part of the low-comedy element in *Romeo and*

Low Comedy: the Nurse

Juliet. The Nurse is laughable even to a reader of the play, but in actual performance her part is made more ludicrous by the resources of comic make-up and costume, and by comic gesture and by-play at the discretion of the performer. In Mercutio and the Nurse, Shakespeare surpassed all his previous comic figures, and these characters have remained favorites with readers and playgoers to the present day.

The Dialogue

Romeo and Juliet is not only an admirably constructed play; it is also a marvelous poem. The dialogue accordingly possesses the qualities characteristic of poetic expression, as well as those required for the clear and vivid presentation of action and character. In a word, whenever the thing said is adapted to such treatment, the form of expression is likely to be either penetrated with imagination, or, in other cases, ornamented with rhetorical artifice. Such famous passages as the dialogue between the lovers in the balcony scene and Juliet's apostrophe to night are among many which combine perfect dramatic appropriateness with high poetic beauty.

In many places in the dialogue we find a certain poetic indirection taking the place of simpler statement:

> An hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.
>
> I, i, 125–126.

> When well-apparell'd April at the heel
> Of limping winter treads.
>
> I, ii, 27–28.

Speeches expressive of the deepest feeling, however, are likely to be simple and direct, leaving the emotion to be expressed by the voice, as it would be were the situation one in real life: —

> Romeo, doff thy name,
> And for thy name, which is no part of me,
> Take all myself.
>
> II, ii, 47–49.

> Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
> See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
> That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
>
> V, iii, 291–293.

In some passages of the play we find simply rhetorical declamation, without especial imaginative quality, as in the speech of the Prince beginning, —

> Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
> Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel.
>
> I, i, 88–89.

Something similar, but more artificial, will be found in the speeches of lamentation in IV, v. Again and again, moreover, the dialogue reveals the Elizabethan fondness for exuberance of expression, for the heaping-up of rhetorical artifices, for jingles, puns, plays upon varying uses of the same word, alliteration, paradox, and "conceits," as they were called in the language of the period.

> Away from light steals home my heavy son.
>
> I, i, 143.
>
> She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair.
>
> I, i, 227.
>
> When the devout religion of mine eye
> Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,
> And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
> Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
>
> I, ii, 93–96.
>
> Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
> And find delight writ there with beauty's pen, etc.
>
> I, iii, 81–94.
>
> I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
>
> I, iii, 97.
>
> But let them measure us by what they will,
> We 'll measure them a measure and be gone.
>
> I, iv, 9–10.
>
> You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.
>
> I, v, 13–16.
>
> No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean.
>
> III, iii, 45.
>
> Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
> And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both.
>
> III, iv, 112–113.

Two highly artificial passages built up on paradoxes are I, i, 182–188, and III, ii, 75–79. Many of these artificialities are stumbling-blocks to the modern reader, but it would have been strange if Shakespeare had not shared in the tastes of his age and generation. Indeed, the liking for such elaboration and ornament was so widespread that Shakespeare must have counted upon his audiences enjoy-

ing it, even when, as in more than one instance in *Romeo and Juliet*, it is wholly out of keeping with the person speaking or with the situation.

On the dramatic appropriateness of the dialogue it is unnecessary to dwell here. Much of it will appear on first reading, but the dialogue in all the important scenes will repay the closest study.

The Shakespearean Stage

Contemporary plans and views of London, extant contracts for the building of theatres, inventories of theatrical costumes and properties, pamphlets, title-pages and stage-directions of plays, and other miscellaneous sources afford information from which may be obtained a fairly accurate notion of the construction of the theatres of Shakespeare's time, the history of the dramatic companies, and the conditions and methods of contemporary dramatic performances. For our present purpose we need mention only certain features which necessarily influenced Shakespeare in his composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, or which directly affected the mode of presentation.[1]

The regular playhouses of the Elizabethan period had no drop-curtain, all or a large part of the stage remaining in full view of the audience throughout the performance. Thus plays began with an empty stage, the actors entering singly or in groups through doors or from behind curtains at the rear of the stage. This, of course, had to be taken into account by the dramatist, who could not begin a scene with a group of persons "discovered" as the curtain rose. Similarly, he could not bring a scene to a climax and end it abruptly with a "quick curtain." The actors had to make their exits in full view of the audience. Elizabethan tragedies commonly end with some such stage-direction as "*Exeunt, bearing off the bodies.*"

In the "public" theatres, used for performances in spring, summer, and autumn, the stage was a raised plat-

[1] In reading the following paragraphs, it should be borne in mind that there are differences of opinion regarding certain points, also that the usage of different theatres, and of the same theatre at different periods, may have varied considerably.

form about forty feet square, projecting out into a circular, or, less commonly, square "yard," open to the sky and surrounded by roofed galleries. At the rear of the stage rose the "tiring-house," containing dressing-rooms, rooms for the storage of properties, etc. — in short, providing everything that in a modern theatre is "behind the scenes," and in addition affording space for two extensions to the stage, which will be described below. From the front of the "tiring-house," over the rear part of the stage, but not extending completely to either side, projected a sloping roof, the "heavens," sometimes supported by two posts, between which, if desired, curtains could be suspended, shutting off the inner part of the stage. At the rear of the stage, one at either side, were two doors, available for exits and entrances. Beneath the "heavens" was an upper story, presenting to the audience a series of windows, which could be curtained off. In some performances, this upper story was occupied by spectators, but when in any play characters were supposed to appear at an upper window, as in the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, on the walls of a city, or in some similar place, the upper story was used by the actors as a part of the stage. The space beneath the upper story or balcony, and between the outer doors, was used as a further addition to the main stage. Ordinarily concealed by curtains or doors, it could be thrown open on occasion to represent a bed-chamber, a cave, or, as in the final scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, a tomb.

Scenery, in the modern sense, existed only in the form of "painted cloths," or back drops, hung at the rear of the stage. The performances in the public theatres began at three in the afternoon. Thus night-time, as in several scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*, could be indicated only by the dialogue, or by the use of candles, lamps, lanterns, or torches upon the stage. The actors wore the costume of persons of similar class or occupation in the England of their own day, except that more or less suitable costumes were provided for Turks, mythological characters, and similar easily costumed parts. No women took part in

professional performances. Boys and youths customarily represented the female characters; such a part as that of the Nurse was doubtless taken by an older man.

Shakespeare's Attitude toward the Story

As a rule, a Shakespearean play has no moral. Shakespeare's customary method is not to select some principle of conduct and invent a story to enforce it; nor does he represent character and action in the simple terms of the fable or moral anecdote. His usual practice is to take as the source of his play some tale or historical narrative or extant play, altering his material in accordance with his sense of dramatic effectiveness and of truth to the realities of life. There is a mutual adjustment of character, dialogue, and plot, as a result of which the persons of the play are made such as would naturally have performed the actions attributed to them, and the dialogue and incidents are made such as would naturally arise from the characters and situations postulated. A play so composed has a moral only in the sense that a series of related events in real life may be said to have a moral. The career of Macbeth has a moral, as has that of Napoleon; it would be more exact to say that morals may be drawn from each. But the moral is supplied by the observer or the critic; it is not inherent in the play or in the actual life.

Yet it cannot be maintained that Shakespeare everywhere preserves this impartial and impersonal attitude. What he thought of his own characters, what he wished his audiences to think of them, is for the most part apparent enough. And in a few cases, as in that of *Romeo and Juliet*, he has virtually announced his judgment of the action as a whole. The *Prologue* and the speech of the Prince in v, iii, 286–295, show beyond question that the lovers are regarded as in no way at fault and that the blame for the final catastrophe is laid upon the heads of the houses, who have maintained their unrighteous feud, and, in less degree, upon the Prince, who has tolerated its continuance. The sins of the parents and the governors have been visited upon the children.

But although in this case Shakespeare points the moral of his action, he cannot be said to have composed the play with this moral as his object. *Romeo and Juliet* is not a problem-play or a dramatized sermon; it exists for its own sake. Far more noteworthy than Shakespeare's condemnation of the parents and the Prince are his obvious pleasure in the romantic elements of the plot and his sympathy with the lovers. Here was a subject to attract a still youthful poet, sympathetic to the ardor of youthful passion. The love which is held up to our admiration in *Romeo and Juliet* is sudden and intense, regardless of consequences, and desperate when crossed. The lovers pay no heed to their parents' wishes or to the ties of kindred; they end their lives with poison and dagger as soon as their loves are foiled. If we wish to see how differently Shakespeare had come to look upon youthful love about fifteen years after the writing of this play, we should compare his treatment of Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest*. Here we find love idealized and spiritualized; the fire and passion are no longer present. In an allegorical interlude, Venus and Cupid are bidden to keep aloof. The consent of the fathers is requisite to the betrothal. Here indeed is a love-story with a moral purpose, a love-story beautifully conceived and charmingly presented, running smoothly to a happy ending. Its only fault is its lack of dramatic interest. Romeo and Juliet care not for the world or the world's law; they pay with their lives for their brief happiness, and Shakespeare wins us over to share his sympathy for their ill-starred loves.

REFERENCES

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE, CAPULET, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.
An old man, of the Capulet family.
ROMEO, son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, FRIAR JOHN, } Franciscans.
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.
SAMPSON, GREGORY, } servants to Capulet.
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page.
An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Chorus.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, kinsfolk to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

Scene I. [*Verona. A public place.*]

Enter Sampson *and* Gregory, *of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other serving-men [Abraham *and* Balthasar].

Sam. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. Say "better"; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens [*and* OFFICERS], *with clubs or partisans.*

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague *and* Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with his train.*

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your distemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* [*all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio*].

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-
day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be
found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes! So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deni'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let 's away.

[*Exeunt* [*Montague and Lady*].

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along.
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have left myself; I am not here.
This is not Romeo; he 's some otherwhere.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will, —
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she 's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
'Gainst Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *A street.*]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and the Clown* [*a* SERVANT].

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men as old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world;

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be.
Which on more view of, many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [*To Servant.*] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* [*Capulet and Paris*].

Serv. Find them out whose names are written

here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. — In good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and — God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book. But, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

(*Reads.*) "Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair

niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lovely Helena."
A fair assembly: whither should they come?
Serv. Up. points thumb over shoulder; solemnly.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.
Rom. I'll go along no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of my own. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! What, ladybird!
God forbid! — Where 's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! Who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. — Nurse, give leave a while,
We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again;
I have rememb'red me, thou 's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua; —
Nay, I do bear a brain; — but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out wi' the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow.

. . . . . .

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

. . . . . .

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he 's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he 's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

. . . . . .

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse

curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

[*Exit.*

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. *A street.*]

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other* Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out-of such prolixity.
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
[Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance;]
But let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love with pricking, and you beat love down. —
Give me a case to put my visage in, [*Puts on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me; let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Rom. Nay, that 's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Her traces of the smallest spider web,
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
. . . . . .
This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

Ben. Strike, drum. [*They march about the stage*
[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*]

[Musicians *waiting.*] *Enter* Serving-men, *with napkins.*

[*1.*] *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

[*2.*] *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

[*1.*] *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony and Potpan!

2. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

[*1.*] *Serv.* You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.

3. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire.*]

Enter [Capulet, *with* Juliet *and others of his house, meeting*] *the* Guests *and* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I 'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 't is not so much.
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2. Cap. 'T is more, 't is more. His son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Serving-man.*] What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I 'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall; go to!
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
You 'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! You 'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you; I know what.

You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time. —
Well said, my hearts! — You are a princox; go;
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — for shame!
I 'll make you quiet. — What, cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitt'rest gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*]
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again. [*Kissing her again*
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night.
More torches here! Come on then, let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I 'll to my rest. [*All but Juliet and Nurse begin to go out.*]
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What 's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name. — If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* "Juliet."
Nurse. Anon, anon! 145
Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

[ACT II]

[PROLOGUE]

[*Enter*] CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again, 5
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter ROMEO, *alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO *with* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love" and "dove";
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophétua lov'd the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
. . . . . .
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him. . . .
. . . . . .
. . . my invocation
Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the mark.
. . . . . .

Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt* [*Ben. and Mer.*].

[SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

ROMEO *advances from the wall.*]

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at her window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks!
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,—
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse*] *calls within.*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[*Re-enter* Juliet, *above.*]

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee —

[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times good-night!

[*Exit* [*above*].

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*]

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my [Romeo's name.]
Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 't is twenty year till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee gone; —
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

[*Exit, above.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.
[*Exit.*

[Scene III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar [Laurence], *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No!
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That 's my good son; but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If ere thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household's rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *A street.*]

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with

the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 17

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats. O, he 's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third [22 in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button; a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!*

Ben. The what? 28

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accent! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! . . ." Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *perdona-mi's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones! 37

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench, marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen [43 and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* There 's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? 50

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow. . . .

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad"; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural. . . .

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

. . . . . .

Rom. Here 's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and her man* [Peter].

A sail, a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell ye. . . .

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; "for himself to mar," quoth 'a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be

older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[*Sings.*

"An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent;
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent."

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] "lady, lady, lady."

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty

such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 164

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 169

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex 'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very [175 gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off'red to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 181

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. 186

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise 191
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny. 195

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse; — behind the abbey wall
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains.
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, "Two may keep counsel, putting one away"?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady— Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing, — O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? Both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name. R is for the— No; I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.* 232

[Scene V. *Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that 's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over louring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love.
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;
But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse [*and* Peter].

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!
Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you din'd at home?
Jul. No, no! But all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? What of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side, — O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! "Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 'Where is your mother?'"

Nurse. O God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil! — Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife. Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. I am the drudge and toil in your delight, But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

[Scene VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act, That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring Death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

[ACT III]

[Scene I. *A public place.*]

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no [other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with [

a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt [30 tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter. 36

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you. 41

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving? 47

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here 's my fiddle-stick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort! 52

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances, 55
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

Mer. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*]
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your *passado.* [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio, and flies.*

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses!

[*Exeunt* [*Mercutio and Benvolio*].

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on moe days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter CITIZENS.

1. Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1. Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.
Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* WIVES, *and all.*
Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure; all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,

"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercútio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,

Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter JULIET, *alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink: and, Romeo,
Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,
And by their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an ay;
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no.
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —
God save the mark! — here on his manly breast.
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse!
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaught'red, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish ravenous lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua vitæ;*
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill 'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murd'red me; I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished."

That "banished," that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said, "Tybalt's dead,"
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished," to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, ROMEO [*following*].

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! Be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say banishment!

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then "banished"
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death "banishment,"
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo ; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished :
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banished" to kill me? — "Banished"?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word "banished"?
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. — Stay a while! — Stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,
What simpleness is this! — I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir! Death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

[*He offers to stab himself, and the Nurse snatches the dagger away.*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And uses none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismemb'red with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
1 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
2 But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou happy.
The law that threat'ned death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in his best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Ascend her chamber; hence! and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

[*Nurse offers to go in, and turns again.*

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

[*Exit Nurse.*

Fri. L. Go hence; good-night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 't is late. Farewell; good-night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. *A room in Capulet's house.*]

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, good-night; commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her — mark you me? — on Wednesday next —
But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be, — o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it, then.

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by. Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET, *aloft.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? Let 's talk; it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse [*from the chamber*].

Nurse Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*]
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

[*He goeth down.*

Jul. Art thou gone so! Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
Rom. [*From below.*] Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our times to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*
Jul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles asunder. —
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;
Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin [Tybalt]
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.

But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How how, how how, chop-logic! What is this?
"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not;"
And yet "not proud." Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye god-den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender
To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit*].

Jul. O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me!
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

[ACT IV]

[Scene I. *Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind.
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That 's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, your face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland'red it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early I will rouse ye;
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of the years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with Death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,—
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I 'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, *and* Serving-men, *two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
[*Exit 1. Servant.*]
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2. Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit 2. Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well; stand up.
This is as 't should be. Let me see the County;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife;
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.

I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene III. *Juliet's chamber.*]

Enter Juliet *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night.
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt* [*Lady Capulet and Nurse*].

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back to comfort me.
Nurse! — What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no; this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[*Laying down her dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minist'red to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*

[Scene IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o' clock.
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit! What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four [SERVING-MEN,] *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,
What 's there?

1. Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1. Serv.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said . . . .
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 't is day.
[*Music within.*
The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I 'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*]

[*Enter* NURSE.]

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! — Fast, I warrant her, she. —
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say, madam! sweetheart! why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me!
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[*Draws back the curtains.*]

What, dress 'd, and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady 's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *aqua vitæ*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She s dead, deceas'd, she 's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she 's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* MUSICIANS.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She 's not well married that lives married long;
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature 's tears are reason 's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* [*Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar*].

1. Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up; For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1. Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter [PETER].

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease!" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1. Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe." O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

1. Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1. Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1. Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

1. Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; I 'll *re* you, I 'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1. Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat

you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
[And doleful dumps the mind oppress,]
Then music with her silver sound" —

why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer. I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." [*Exit.*

1. Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

[ACT V]

[Scene I. *Mantua. A street.*]

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *his man, booted.*

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone
And hire those horses; I 'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let 's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts 'a dwells, — which late I noted
In tatt'red weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
"An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell! Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

[Scene III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*]

Enter Paris, *and his* Page *with flowers and sweet water* [*and a torch*].

Par. Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew, —
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones —
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, a mattock, and a crow of iron.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment ; therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that ;
Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside.*] For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food !

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murd'red my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died ;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague !
Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed ; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.

Fly hence, and leave me; think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*

Page, O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaught'red youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death. O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
Tragical, And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here 's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's there?

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I 'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo!

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. [*Juliet rises.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no longer stay. [*Exit Fri. Lau.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What 's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of Paris.*

1. Watch. Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? Then I 'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]
This is thy sheath (*Stabs herself*); there rust, and let me die. [*Falls* [*on Romeo's body, and dies*].

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. [*Exeunt some.*]
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues; some others search.
[*Exeunt others.*]
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter [*some of the* WATCH, *with*] BALTHASAR.

2. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1. Watch. Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter another WATCHMAN, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

3. Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1. Watch. A great suspicion. Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE [*and* Attendants].

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. Oh! the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

1. Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1. Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague [*and others*].

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to the grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience.
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where 's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threat'ned me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death.
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.
Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence to have more talk on these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

Prologue

This prologue, omitted in the Ff, is in form a Shakespearean sonnet. Its purpose is not to replace exposition in dramatic form, but to indicate clearly at the outset what is also evident from the course of the play: that the misfortunes of the lovers are to be regarded as the result not of their own fault, but of the sins of their parents and of the malice of Fate. In Shakespeare's time the prologue of a play was spoken by an actor wearing a long black velvet cloak and a garland of bays.

6. **star-cross'd**: whose purposes were thwarted by malignant planets; ill-fated. That Shakespeare literally believed in astrology and the influence of the stars is hardly likely; in *Lear*, I, ii, 112–145, both belief and disbelief are given dramatic expression. But in this play the old conception of hostile planets is adopted for poetic purposes.

8. **Doth**: cf. v, i, 70; v, iii, 225; Abbott, § 336; Franz, § 514.

Act I, Scene I

This scene begins the exposition of the play — that part primarily concerned with indicating the time and place, introducing the characters, showing what relations exist between them at the outset, and giving the audience whatever knowledge of previous events may be immediately necessary. Great skill is required to do this in a natural manner, so that this material shall not seem to be presented as mere lifeless information, but shall appear to form part of a natural dialogue, connected with action, and shall command the attention of the audience from the beginning.

The incident of a street fight on the very day of the Capulets' ball is of Shakespeare's own invention. Note that Shakespeare is not content with telling us in the prologue that a feud exists, but shows us in dramatic form a specimen outbreak, in order that we may be convinced by the evidence of our own eyes and ears. Note how much stronger this makes the fundamental con-

trast between the hatred of the parents and the love of the children, and how the edict of the Prince in this scene prepares us to accept as natural his severity to Romeo in III, i.

The scene falls into three parts. The first presents the humorous aspect of the feud; the second, the serious aspect; the third introduces the hero. Justify this arrangement. Note the climactic order in which the characters are brought on: the servants, the gentlemen, the nobles, the Prince, finally Romeo. Note that those who take part in the brawl are presented in pairs, Montague and Capulet. Note that both the Prince and the populace are opposed to the feud, with which the audience is not to be in sympathy. Note that Tybalt, who is to be of importance later on, is thus early presented, and his fiery character made manifest.

For its skilful construction, its interest, and the vividness with which it brings before the audience the deadly feud on which the tragic conclusion depends, this scene is one of the most admired of Shakespeare's openings.

The time is early Sunday morning, some time in July; cf. notes to I, iii, 15, and III, iv, 18.

1. **carry coals**: submit to humiliation.

15. **take the wall**: quarrels frequently arose from the question which of two persons meeting should make way for the other by stepping away from the wall.

18. **the weakest . . . wall**: Gregory cites a proverb against Sampson.

44. **take the law . . . our sides**: have the law on our side.

48. **bite my thumb**: an insulting gesture.

65. **one of my master's kinsmen**: Tybalt.

79. **Have at thee**: an expression of defiance used in striking at an adversary. Cf. v. iii, 70.

80. **bills, and partisans**: somewhat similar weapons, consisting of sharp blades for cutting and thrusting, mounted upon long handles.

81. (stage-direction) **gown**: dressing gown; what is elsewhere by Shakespeare called a night-gown.

85. **spite** = despite, scornful defiance.

88–110. By what means is attention centred upon this important speech? Point out the playwright's purpose in ll. 103–104, and 106–110.

92. **purple** = red.

102. **Cank'red**: the first "cank'red" means rusty; the second means malignant.

109. **Free-town**: properly, the name of the residence of the Capulets, Villa Franca, which Brooke translates "Freetowne."

111. **abroach**: metaphor from broaching a cask.

121. **on part and part** = on either side.

133. **affections**: inclination (literally, loves).

134. **Which then . . . be found**: which then chiefly sought for solitude. In the place of this and the next line, some editors read, "That most are busied when they 're most alone," from Q1. The line-numbering accords with this reading.

151. **importun'd**: accent on penult.

159. **the sun**: Theobald's emendation for Ff, Qq, *the same*. The latter would mean "to it" (the air).

165. **to hear** = as to hear. Other passages in which the infinitive is used in ways no longer current are l. 228; I, iv, 23; IV, i, 3. Point out the various means by which interest in Romeo has been aroused before he speaks.

176. **in proof**: upon trial.

182–188. These lines are in the style popularized by the imitators of Petrarch's sonnets. Cf. II, iv, 41; III, ii, 75–79.

193. **propagate, to have it prest**: increase, by causing it to be weighted down.

205. **in sadness** = seriously. Cf. l. 207. But Romeo pretends to take the word sadness in its other sense.

215. **Dian's wit**: a mind like Diana's (with reference both to her will and to her intelligence).

216. **proof**: armor of proof, impenetrable armor.

217. **unharm'd**: from Q1; Q2, Ff, *uncharmd*.

222. **with beauty . . . store**: beauty and beauty's store will both perish, if Rosaline dies unwedded (Dowden).

223. **still** = ever.

225. **starv'd with her severity**; perishing because of her (beauty's) own severity; cf. 222 and note.

228. **To merit bliss** = in meriting heaven. Note the difference from modern idiom, as in *Macb.* IV, ii, 69, "To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage"; i.e., "in frightening you thus," etc.

235. **To call . . . more**: to pronounce her exquisite beauty

greater than that of those others, after the comparison (Dowden).

236. **These**: we should use *those* or *the*.

Scene II

This scene continues the exposition by telling of Juliet, of Capulet's desire to marry her to Paris, and of the intended ball. Next, it introduces the initial incident — the incident which is responsible for the beginning of the main action; in this case, the meeting of Romeo and Benvolio with the illiterate servant, resulting in Benvolio's challenge to Romeo to go uninvited to the ball. Note the linking to the preceding scene by the first five lines. Note that Capulet, too, is "star-cross'd"; the ball he gives to promote his daughter's marriage to Paris turns out to be the occasion of her meeting Romeo.

The introduction of Paris at this point in the story is of Shakespeare's invention. In Brooke's poem nothing is heard of Paris until after the death of Tybalt. Why is Shakespeare's alteration an improvement?

4. **of honourable reckoning**: reckoned honorable.

9. **fourteen years**. In Brooke's poem she is sixteen; in the previous accounts (Da Porto, Bandello, Boisteau), eighteen.

13. **marr'd . . . made**: a proverbial antithesis. For *made*, Q1 has *maried*.

15. **lady of my earth**: suggested by *earth* in the preceding line. Variously interpreted: "heiress of my lands"; "daughter of my body"; "mistress of my world."

30. **inherit** = possess.

32–33. **which on . . reckoning none**: after you have seen more of her (the lady of greatest merit), many others, including my daughter, will indeed count in a mere enumeration, but none except her will count in your esteem (Dowden).

39. **the shoemaker**: with allusion to the proverb, "Let the cobbler stick to his last."

53. **broken** = bruised. Cf. I, iii, 38.

55–57. The insane were treated in these and other ways with a view to driving out the demons believed to possess them.

67–74. The list is almost regular blank verse.

86. **crush a cup**: a colloquial phrase of the time.

88. **loves**: so in Q1, Q2, F1; F2 *lovest*. Similarly, *loves*, I, v, 10; *expects*, III, v, 111; *counterfeits*, III, v, 132. Cf. Franz, § 1.

90. **unattainted** = uninfected. Love is spoken of as a disease impairing the sight.

95. **these**: his eyes.

Scene III

The exposition continued. Juliet, like Romeo, must be presented to the audience in advance, in order that the scene of their meeting at the ball may lose no part of its interest. The vulgarity, the garrulity, and the grotesque figure of the Nurse are a foil to the modesty, the respectful brevity, and the girlish beauty of Juliet. By what means is this scene linked to the preceding scene and to the scene of the ball?

8. **come back again**: why does Lady Capulet recall the Nurse?

9. **thou 's** = thou shalt. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 246 (*I' se* = I shall).

13. **teen** = sorrow.

17. **Lammas-eve** = the evening before August 1.

29. **bear a brain** = have a good memory.

33. **Shake, quoth the dove-house**: the dove-house shook (with the earthquake).

36. **high-lone**: an alteration of *alone*, of obscure origin (*N. E. D.*).

76. **a man of wax**: as handsome as if modeled in wax.

90. **fair** = beauty (both times). Cf. II, Prol., 3.

97. **I'll look . . . liking move**: this seems too artificial for Juliet, but Shakespeare's audiences were fond of verbal cleverness.

100. **Madam, the guests are come**: what is the dramatist's purpose in this interruption?

104. **the County stays**: the Count (Paris) is waiting.

Scene IV

A link-scene, connecting Scene II with Scene V, and continuing the exposition by its introduction of Mercutio. Mercutio's brilliant speech about Queen Mab is lyric rather than dramatic in character, but may be said to have its dramatic value also, in connection with III, i; by this speech Mercutio wins the sympathy of the audience, who for this reason share Romeo's grief for him when he perishes by Tybalt's sword.

1–2. Apparently Romeo has composed some complimentary verses, which he proposes to recite when he and his friends arrive at the ball.

3. **The date . . . prolixity**: such needless speeches are out of date.

5. **Tartar's . . . bow**: shaped like ⌒⌒.

6. **crow-keeper**: boy employed to keep crows from the corn. He carried a bow to shoot at them.

7–8. **Nor no . . . entrance**: all words or passages of dialogue enclosed in brackets are additions from Q1 (except *Tybalt*, III, v, 102, from F2).

8. **entrance**: three syllables. Cf. III, ii, 87; *Macb.* I, v, 40. An *r* or *l*, following a consonant and preceding a vowel, may in Shakespeare form a separate syllable.

23. **to sink** = if you should sink.

30. The second **visor** means his own face.

31. **quote** = observe.

36. **rushes**: the floors of rooms and of the stages of the theatres were strewn with rushes.

37. **proverb'd**: an old maxim recommends the gamester to stop play when his luck is best.

40. **dun's the mouse**: a slang phrase of unexplained origin = "Enough said!"

41. **dun**: a name for a horse. "Dun 's in the mire" was the name of a game.

42. **sir-reverence**: for "save your reverence," as if begging pardon before introducing some coarse expression.

46–47. **Take our . . . five wits**: Mercutio means, "Don't quarrel with a phrase like 'we burn daylight' for not being literally true; our interpretation of a phrase is based oftener upon the speaker's known intent than upon any analysis by the different mental faculties."

50. Cf. 106–113, and note the other instances in which presentiments of good or bad fortune are spoken of in this play. This one serves to introduce the fine speech of Mercutio. **To-night** = last night; cf. II, iv, 2. Why is Mercutio made to scoff at Romeo's dream?

78. **suit**: request for some favor or advantage.

81. **another benefice**: an additional nomination as rector or vicar.

109. **expire** = bring to an end. The conversion of intransitive verbs into causatives was common in Elizabethan English.

Scene V

The first properly dramatic scene in the play — a scene of action and emotion, concerned with principal characters, and marking a definite stage in the plot. This is the first of the five scenes in which Romeo and Juliet appear together. Its atmosphere of gayety and hope is in sharp contrast with the darkness and despair of the scene at the tomb. But the anger of Tybalt and the foreboding of Juliet serve to warn us that destiny is arrayed against the lovers. Note that Tybalt's sudden outburst of wrath on discovering the presence of a Montague prepares us to accept as natural his violence in III, i, and that Romeo's presence at the ball, while it wins him Juliet's love, also arouses the implacable resentment of Tybalt, and is thus the first in a series of events leading directly to the final catastrophe.

8. **court-cupboard**: an open cabinet for displaying plate.

9. **marchpane**: a kind of confectionery in which pounded almonds are a principal ingredient.

10. **loves**: so in Qq; Ff *lovest*. Cf. I, ii, 88, and note.

22. **Am I come near you**: have I found your weak spot?

28. **A hall**: means the same as "give room."

29. **turn the tables up**: the tables were leaves joined by hinges and laid upon trestles.

31–42. What is the purpose of this conversation?

46–55. Compare with Romeo's speeches in I, i, and note how Shakespeare differentiates the language of a genuine passion from that of "love-in-idleness."

47. **It seems she**: Ff 2–4, *Her beauty*.

56–61. Read consecutively all of Tybalt's speeches in this scene and III, i, as expressive of one trait of character.

67. **coz**: *cousin* was often used in the sense of *nephew*; cf. III, i, 151.

68. **'A**: a colloquial variant of *he*, which Shakespeare at times puts in the mouths of characters even of high social station. **portly** = dignified.

83. **set cock-a-hoop**: a phrase of uncertain origin, here apparently = provoke a quarrel. Cf. *N. E. D.*

86. **scath you**: lose you the favor of your rich uncle.

88. **princox** = pert youth.

95–112. Romeo is wearing the costume of a palmer (long robe, cape covering the shoulders, hat with broad brim turned up in front, long staff), and speaks in that character. Note that neither speaker knows who the other is. Note and justify the use of rhyme. Note the aptness of Juliet's replies.

100. **which . . . shows in this** = which (your hand) manifests in this action a proper piety.

107. Juliet carries on the figure suggested by the words shrine, pilgrim, and saints. Though the figure of the saint remains motionless, the pilgrim's prayer is granted. Romeo may kiss her. *They* is understood before *grant*.

112. **You kiss by the book** : Juliet is imitating the phrase, "to speak by the book," i.e., to give the precise words of a book, Romeo's arguments are so apt, and lead up so skilfully to kisses that she jestingly accuses him of having learned his speeches and their accompanying kisses from some *Art of Love* or similar volume.

119. **chinks** : slang for money.

124. **trifling foolish banquet** : polite disparagement, implying the compliment that the entertainment he has to offer is nothing in comparison with the deserts of his guests.

128. **fay** = faith.

130–136. Juliet seeks to conceal her love for Romeo by affecting an equal curiosity regarding several other guests.

133. **Petruchio** : Italian *Petruccio;* pronounce the *ch* as in English. The name reappears, III, i, 37 (stage-direction).

145. **Anon** : equivalent to, "in a moment," literally, "at once."

Act II, Prologue

As there is no division into acts and scenes in the early texts, these lines may be taken as an epilogue to Act I or as a prologue to Act II. It has been doubted that they are by Shakespeare. Lines 1–4 do not accord well with Rosaline's complete dropping out of sight in I, v.

3. **That fair** : cf. I, iii, 90.

Scene I

This scene follows almost immediately upon I, v ; Romeo and his friends have just left the ballroom. It prepares for the next scene, of which it may indeed be regarded as forming a part, by showing how Romeo came to be beneath Juliet's window, reminds us that his transfer of his affections is as yet unsuspected by his comrades, and further reveals Mercutio as the light-hearted and incorrigible scoffer, the humorist of the play. It is clear from II, ii, 1, that until his companions have gone by, Romeo remains close to the wall, listening to their remarks, and it is probable that he is supposed to be visible to the audience throughout the scene. Most likely, then, some structure representing a wall was shown, running out from the rear of the stage part way toward the audience. It will be recalled that in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, probably written shortly after this, Shakespeare burlesques the device of representing a wall upon the stage.

2. **earth** : body, of which the heart or soul is the centre.

6. **conjure** : Mercutio speaks as if he were a wizard summoning up a spirit.

13. **Abraham** : why Cupid should be so called is not clear. Many editors have substituted *Adam*, a proverbial name for a great archer, from Adam Bell, famous in ballad.

14. **King Cophetua** : the ballad is in Percy's *Reliques*.

28. **honest** = chaste.

31. **humorous** : damp, but with allusion to its other meaning, capricious.

Scene II

This scene follows the preceding without pause or change of place. Romeo comes forward from his concealment, and Juliet appears at one of the windows of the upper stage.

This is again a dramatic scene, marking a second stage in the development of the action : the mutual avowal of love, and the betrothal. Note that the speeches of Romeo, ll. 1–32, serve the purpose of directing attention to Juliet as the principal figure, the delicate play of her emotions being the greatest charm of the scene. Show that of the two lovers it is Juliet who has the more active intelligence, realizes the more vividly the significance of the situation, and assumes the direction, while Romeo is presented as

simply yielding to impulse, suggestion, or emotion. What is the value of the Nurse's interruptions? What previous scenes have been brought to a close by similar means? Which lines serve to indicate the course of the action through the remaining scenes of this act?

6. **her maid**: Juliet, unmarried, is a devotee of Diana, the goddess of chastity, identified with the moon.

39. **Thou art . . . Montague**: thou wouldst be thyself, even if thou wert not a Montague.

46. **owes** = possesses.

55. **dear saint**: what do these words recall to the audience?

86. **Else would . . . my cheek**: else would my blushes be visible.

89. **compliment** = formality.

101. **strange** = distant.

117. **contract**: accent on the last syllable.

131. **frank** = generous.

151. **By and by** = immediately; cf. v, iii, 284.

160. **tassel-gentle**: a kind of hawk.

189. **ghostly** = spiritual; cf. III, iii, 49.

Scene III

Daybreak, Monday. The opening speech of the Friar prepares us to accept him as the moralist of the play, and as the provider, in IV, i, of Juliet's potion. In the course of the scene, his goodness, his kindliness, and his wisdom are established beyond doubt, so that in Acts III and IV we accept it as perfectly natural that the lovers should follow his counsels, however strange these might otherwise appear. He has a sense of humor, too, and can smile at the suddenness of Romeo's new affection. His sole reason for consenting to perform the wedding ceremony is his hope that this will end the feud. There is dramatic irony in this: the feud will indeed be ended, but at what cost the Friar little dreams.

4. **Titan's** = the sun's.

24. **medicine**: two syllables; cf. *N. E. D.*

52. **lies**: cf. v, i, 71; Abbott, § 333, Franz, § 520.

90. **In one respect** = for one reason.

93. **stand on** = require; **sudden** = immediate.

Scene IV

The opening lines of this scene remind us of the ominous hostility of Tybalt at the ball, and thus link that scene to III, i. The second part of the scene exhibits Romeo as Mercutio's match in a game of banter; the audience must not feel that Romeo is surpassed by any other character in any quality appropriate to an attractive young lover. The latter part of the scene, from the appearance of the Nurse, is in substance merely the delivery of a message, whose nature is already known, but is developed by deft comic treatment into something genuinely amusing. Between what scenes does it serve as a link?

1, 3. Scan these lines.

2. **to-night**: cf. I, iv, 50.

6–12. What purpose do these lines serve?

15. **pin**: the centre of a target.

19. **prince of cats**: Tybalt is the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*.

21. **prick-song**: written variations upon an air.

22. **minim rests** = half-note rests.

26. **cause**: of quarrel. Cf. *As You Like It*, v, iv, 51–86.

27. **passado**, etc.: fencing terms. Cf. III, i, 88.

35–37. **who stand . . old bench**: who insist so much on the new fashion that they cannot sit down comfortably, doubtless an allusion to breeches of exaggerated size (Dowden). Cf. 47.

39. **Without his roe**: suggested by the name.

44. **grey** = blue.

47. **slop** = breeches.

51. **slip**: a counterfeit coin of silvered or gilded brass.

64. **flowered**: for *pinked*, punched with holes in patterns.

75. **wild-goose chase**: a kind of horse-race once in vogue, in which the leading rider could choose his own ground.

87. **cheveril** = kid leather.

115, 116. **God ye** = God give ye. Cf. I, ii, 59.

116. **good den** = good evening (i.e., afternoon). Cf. I, ii, 59.

136. **So ho**: a cry then used in hare-coursing, to announce the discovery of a hare. Cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.* III, i, 188–190.

152. **saucy merchant**: why does the Nurse not show indignation at Mercutio's remarks until he has gone?

154. **ropery** = rascality.

162. **skains-mates** : exact sense uncertain.

204. **quit** = requite.

218. **versal** : she means *universal.*

223. **the dog's name** : R was called "the dog's letter," and the word *arre* meant to growl, but the Nurse's meaning is not clear.

Scene V

This resembles the preceding scene in being the delivery of a message already known to the audience, and in its relation to Scene VI. Juliet's impatience to hear Romeo's answer is treated seriously in ll. 1–18, and, played upon by the Nurse, contributes to the comic effect of the dialogue that follows.

14. **bandy** : a term from tennis.

26. **jaunce** = jounce, jaunt.

36. **stay the circumstance** : await the details ; cf. IV, v, 150 ; V, iii, 181.

67. **coil** = confusion, turmoil.

80. **Hie to high fortune !** Cf. I, iii, 97, and note.

Scene VI

This scene marks the third stage in the main story. No attempt is made to heighten the interest by any complicating incidents. This is our last glimpse of the lovers before misfortune overtakes them, and were it not for the Friar's warning words, and for the reckless language of Romeo, who seems to be tempting Fate, we might forget the dangers that encompass them. The actual wedding ceremony is not represented upon the stage, because it presents no features of peculiar interest.

16–18. For this, Q1 has —

> See where she comes.
> So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
> Of love and ioy, see see the soveraigne power.

The "everlasting flint" is suggested by the worn stone of the friar's cell (Rolfe). Are the critics who have preferred the earlier reading justified ?

21. **confessor** : accent on first syllable ; cf. III, iii, 49. The other accentuation occurs, *Henry VIII*, IV, i, 88, and has been urged against attributing the passage to Shakespeare.

25. **and that** = and if. In Shakespeare's English, *that* is used after *and* where we should repeat a previous conjunction.

30. **Conceit, more rich** : such imagination as is more rich (Dowden).

Act III, Scene I

Monday afternoon, closely following the preceding. As in *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, Shakespeare places in the centre of the play a momentous scene, exciting in incident, crowded with figures, and of vital importance to the plot. The scene has been admirably prepared for : Tybalt's violence of temper and his intention to challenge Romeo, Romeo's reasons for wishing to avoid an encounter with him, Mercutio's irrepressible gayety, the implacable hatred of Montague and Capulet, and the Prince's determination to punish with a stern hand any disturbance of the peace — all these are familiar to us, and we are ready to follow the scene with perfect appreciation. Benvolio, Mercutio, Tybalt, and Romeo speak and act each in characteristic fashion. The death of Mercutio, so effective theatrically and of such value in the logic of the play, as the one provocation which could lead Romeo to draw his sword against a Capulet, is of Shakespeare's own invention.

1–4. What is Benvolio's chief characteristic ? What purposes does he serve in the play ?

9. **drawer** = tapster.

35. **fee simple** = unconditioned ownership. In the case imagined, Benvolio would barter his chances of longer life for a sure hour and a quarter.

37. (stage direction) **Petruchio** : cf. I, v, 133, and note. The name occurs here in all the early texts except Q1.

49. **Consort** : one meaning of the word was that of a band (of musicians).

69. **Boy** : of frequent use in Shakespeare as a term of insult addressed to a man younger than the speaker ; cf. l. 135 ; v, ii, 70 ; *As You Like It*, I, i, 35.

76–78. Why does Mercutio take the quarrel upon himself ?

77. **Alla stoccata** : fencing term, used as an impromptu nickname for Tybalt ; **carries it away** = carries the day.

78. **rat-catcher** : cf. II, iv, 19, and ll. 80, 104–105, below.

82. **as you . . . me hereafter** : a form of asseveration, " Pun-

ish me as you please if I fail to keep my word." **dry-beat**: beat soundly ; properly, without drawing blood ; cf. IV, v, 126.

84. **pilcher** = scabbard.

87. **passado** : a step forward or aside in fencing ; cf. II, iv, 27.

94. **sped** = done for, provided for.

110. **Help me into some house** : why is Mercutio made to die off the stage ?

124. **depend** = impend.

128. **respective** = considerate.

129. **conduct** = guide ; cf. V, iii, 116.

148. **manage** = management, course.

151. **cousin** : cf. I, v, 67, and note.

157–180. How far in this account does Benvolio depart from exact truth ? What is his purpose ?

159. **nice** = trifling. Cf. V, ii, 18.

173. **envious** = hateful ; cf. III, v, 7.

193. **interest** = immediate concern.

Scene II

This scene serves as a link between III, i, which is herein reported to Juliet, and III, iii, for which its last lines prepare, but its greatest interest lies in its portrayal of Juliet. In the opening lines, with none to overhear, she reveals eloquently the intensity of her love ; in her violent outburst at learning of Romeo's banishment she shows herself a daughter of the Capulets. A touch of humor is afforded, between these two passages, by the misunderstanding caused by the Nurse.

1–31. Compare Shelley's poem, *To Night.*

6–9. The punctuation here given is substantially that suggested by Professor Dowden, making *Romeo* a vocative, *leap* an imperative, and *untalk'd of and unseen* a part of the following sentence. *And* (l. 9) occurs only in Q2 and F1. *Runaway's* (for which some read *runaways'*, i.e., idlers', loiterers') is the most disputed word in Shakespeare's text ; twenty-eight pages of discussion will be found in Furness. It may be interpreted to mean "the sun's." **wink** = close.

12. **learn** = teach, as frequently in Shakespeare.

14. **Hood** : as falcons were hooded to stop their bating (fluttering). **unmann'd** (of falcons) = unused to the keeper.

45–50. **ay, I, eye** : identical in pronunciation. Cf. III, iii, 41.

47. **cockatrice** = basilisk, a fabulous reptile which killed by its breath and by its glance.

56. **swounded** = swooned. Cf. *Anc. Mar* 62.

75–79. In the style of I, i, 182–187.

78. **Just . . . Justly** = exact . . . exactly.

87. Scan : Áll for- | sworn, áll | naught, áll | dissém- | blérs, making the last word four syllables. Cf. I, iv, 8 and note, and *Sonn.* 66, 8, And strength by limping sway disabled, (= dis-able-ed.)

88. **aqua vitæ** = brandy or whiskey ; cf. IV, v, 16.

120. **modern** = commonplace. Cf. *As You Like It,* II, vii, 156, Full of wise saws and modern instances.

Scene III

In part, this scene is complementary to the preceding, as showing how Romeo receives the news that he is banished. Romeo's abandonment to despair augurs ill for his chances of successfully overcoming his difficulties. For what later scenes does the last part of this scene serve as preparation?

20. **exile**, accent on the second syllable, as in l. 140 and in V, iii, 211. Shakespeare uses also the other accentuation ; cf. ll. 13 and 43.

33. **validity** = value.

41. **This may . . . must fly.** Cf. Juliet's puns, III, ii, 45–50, similarly supposed to be uttered in a moment of deep feeling.

49. **ghostly confessor** : cf. II, ii, 189, and II, vi, 21.

52. **fond** : virtually the same as *mad* which follows.

63. **dispute** = reason ; **of** = concerning ; **estate** = situation.

84–90. In all the early copies, as here, one speech, spoken by the nurse. Two rearrangements of these lines deserve consideration ; the first, frequently adopted, giving 85–86, O woeful sympathy ! Piteous predicament ! to the Friar ; the second (Craig) giving him 85–90, O woeful . . . an O ?

98. **conceal'd lady** : unacknowledged wife.

119. **Why rail'st . . . and earth?** In Brooke's poem, ll. 1343–1348, before the speech of the Friar corresponding to this passage, it is expressly stated that Romeo cried out against Nature, his birth, the stars, and Fortune.

127. **Digressing** = departing (from the right path).

140. **exile.** Cf. l. 20 and note.

154. **lamentation** : five syllables. In Shakespeare's verse the termination *-tion* is treated as one syllable or two, as may be convenient. Cf. III, ii, 120 ; IV, ii, 18 ; V. iii, 222.

Scene IV

Immediately after learning of the Friar's plan to aid the lovers, we learn of a new difficulty, or rather of an old one which we have been allowed to forget. As Capulet's wish to marry Juliet to Paris is already familiar to us, only a few lines are needed to recall it to our attention, and to prepare for the importance which it is now to assume. This scene is the last of those which take place on Monday.

11. **mew'd up** : shut up (term used of falcons confined while moulting).

18. **Monday** : taken with other indications of time, this reply enables us to name the day of the week for every scene in the play.

34. **Afore me !** apparently a mild adjuration.

Scene V

Tuesday, daybreak. In Shakespeare's time, as indicated by the stage-directions and ll. 39, 125, the entire scene, except for Romeo's descent from the window, took place upon the upper stage.

The first part of the scene, the parting of the lovers, corresponds symmetrically, in the scheme of the play, to II, ii, the balcony scene, which took place on the same spot, and which it almost rivals in beauty. The interruptions by the Nurse recall those in that scene. Juliet's equivocations in her dialogue with her mother have been objected to by some as too ingenious for a fourteen-year old girl, and by others as deceitful. The characteristic violence of her father, and his threat to drag her to church by force, are the dramatic justification of her recourse to the Friar's dram. In making the Nurse advise Juliet to forget Romeo and marry Paris, Shakespeare is following Brooke. Juliet realizes the baseness of the Nurse's nature, and from this point ceases to confide in her. Though the incident emphasizes Juliet's

isolation, the Nurse's counsel is so absurd as to give a touch of humor to the scene, and Juliet's indignation serves as a relief to her distress.

3. **fearful** = terrified; cf. III, iii, 1.

7. **envious** = hateful; cf. III, i, 173.

8. **lace**: mark as with (gold or silver) lace or embroidery (*N. E. D.*).

29. **division**: a rapid melodic passage, originally conceived as the dividing of each of a succession of long notes into several short ones (*N. E. D.*).

30–31. **Some say . . . voices too**: alluding to the dulness of the lark's eyes and the brightness of those of the toad; Juliet feels that the lark, which announces their parting, should more fittingly have a harsh, ugly croak than a melodious voice.

34. **hunt's-up**: morning music; originally that played to waken huntsmen.

54–57. A premonition, to be literally fulfilled; something different from the dramatic irony of ll. 201–203, in which Juliet utters words that come true in a sense not dreamed of by herself.

89. **Mantua**: how does Lady Capulet know Romeo's destination?

91. **an unaccustom'd dram**: poisoning was reputed to be a common crime in Italy.

95. **him — dead —**: Q2 and F1 have a period after *him* and no mark of punctuation after *Dead*. In the text as here printed, *dead* serves as the last word of one sentence and the first word of another.

130. **conduit** = fountain. The conduit in Cornhill was familiar to all Londoners.

131–138. These conceits are probably imitated at second or third hand from Petrarch, *Sonnet* 156, of which an imitation by Sir Thomas Wyatt had been published in Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557).

141. **I would . . . her grave**: dramatic irony.

142. **take me with you** = explain your meaning.

150. **chop-logic**: one who argues instead of obeying.

153. **Thank me . . . no prouds**: an idiom used also in *Richard II*, II, iii, 87; cf. the appendix to Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* for a collection of instances.

154. **fettle** = make ready.

156. **hurdle**: the sledge or frame on which criminals were drawn to the place of execution.

169. **hilding** = worthless creature.

186. **mammet** = puppet; **in her fortune's tender** = upon the offer of good fortune.

216. **challenge** = claim.

Act IV, Scene I.

Tuesday, shortly after the last scene. Prepares for the remaining scenes of this act and the first two of the next. Juliet's non-committal replies to Paris have something in common with her equivocations in III. v. What suggests to the Friar the plan of having her simulate death?

3. **nothing slow, to slack**: not at all slow, so that I should slack. Cf. I, i, 165, and note.

5. **Uneven** = not straightforward (Dowden).

11. **marriage**: three syllables; cf. v, iii, 241.

18–36. Stichomythy, dialogue in which short speeches, mostly of a single line, are matched by replies of the same length, echoing their language but opposing their sense, is of classical origin. It was introduced into Elizabethan drama in imitation of Seneca, and is fairly frequent in Shakespeare's early plays.

38. **evening mass**: evening masses had been prohibited by Pius V (1566–1572), but were still celebrated in Shakespeare's time in many countries, including Italy.

44. **O, shut the door**: what is indicated by this sudden change of tone?

57. **label**: the strip of parchment to which a seal was affixed. Cf. in Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* the facsimiles of Shakespeare's signatures to the deed and mortgage of the Blackfriars house.

78. **any**: many editors have adopted *yonder*, the reading of Q1.

100. **thy eyes'**: note the solemnity produced by the metrical peculiarity of this line.

105. **two and forty hours**: it seems impossible to arrange for an interval of just this length between Juliet's drinking the potion (IV, iii) and her awakening (V, iii). Cf. note to V, ii, 25.

119. **inconstant toy** : fickle fancy; the expression is from the corresponding passage in Brooke (l. 2190).

Scene II

A scene of preparation, in which the two most notable points are Juliet's pretended consent to her father's plan, and his consequent changing of the date set for the wedding. What consequences spring from this change?

2. **twenty cunning cooks** : Capulet has apparently forgotten his intention to have a quiet wedding; cf. III, iv, 23–28.

18. **opposition** : cf. III, iii, 154, and note.

38. **provision** : cf. III, iii, 154, and note.

Scene III

Tuesday evening. The rear part of the stage, either the space beneath the upper story, or the space behind the pillars, represents Juliet's bedchamber (although in II, ii, and III, v, this had been represented, as seen from without, by the upper story or balcony). At the end of the scene, curtains are drawn so as to conceal the "bedchamber," allowing the space before the curtains to represent the hall in which the following scene is supposed to take place. The bed itself has curtains also, between which Juliet falls at the end of the scene.

Juliet's soliloquy has splendid histrionic possibilities. Note the sequence of emotions, culminating in the actual visualizing of Tybalt's ghost. The thought of Romeo, however, gives her courage to defy the apparition and to risk the terrors of burial alive.

14–58. The fine analysis of this speech by Lady Martin (pp. 143–146) should be read. Note the impressiveness produced by metrical variations in ll. 15, 34, 43–44, 47.

39. **receptacle** : principal stress on the penult, as always in Shakespeare.

47. **mandrakes'** : the mandrake, or mandragora, which has a forked root, fancifully supposed to resemble a human body, was the subject of numerous superstitions, including that here mentioned. Sometimes, as in *2 Henry VI*, III, ii, 310, its shriek was said to kill.

48. **That . . . them** : equivalent to *which*; cf. Abbott, § 248.

Scene IV

This scene is played before the curtains which have just been drawn, and is to be taken as covering the interval of time between the last scene and the next. Thus by convention a few minutes represent the passage of an entire night. Interest is given to the scene by touches of comedy.

2. **pastry**: the room where "paste" (since called pastry) was made.

4. **curfew-bell**: originally a bell rung at eight or nine in the evening; later used of a bell rung at a fixed time in the early morning.

5. **Angelica**: commonly taken to mean Lady Capulet; it is clear, however, from I, iii, 102, that the Nurse is the housekeeper, and might properly "look to the baked meats."

6–8. It has been proposed to give these lines to Lady Capulet. In Q1, however, Capulet's reply is, "I warrant thee, nurse, I have ere now watcht all night, and have taken no harm at all."

6. **cot-quean**: man who acts the housewife; cf. IV, ii, 43.

11. **mouse-hunt**: rake, pursuer of women.

Scene V

Wednesday morning. The scene is really continuous with the preceding, and is so printed in Q1, the Nurse remaining on the stage. Note the order in which the characters appear: the Nurse, the mother, the father, the bridegroom. In such stilted declamation as that of ll. 43–64, there is no attempt at reproducing the language of real life. Such passages of formal lamentation were a convention of dramas of the time, and doubtless gave pleasure to Elizabethan audiences. For parallels, cf. *I Henry VI*, I, i; *Richard III*, IV, iv. In this case Shakespeare has at least departed from the conventional pattern by making the Nurse's over-effusive grief ludicrous. The comic interlude of the musicians and Peter (Will Kempe, the comic actor) which concludes the scene may have suggested itself to Shakespeare as a means of letting the audience see and hear a little more of a favorite clown, and little can be said in commendation of the actual lines, but the insertion of some such interlude has the same justification as the insertion of the scene with the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*.

6. **set up his rest** : term from a card-game, primero, meaning, strictly, to wager a high stake, and loosely, to risk all, to be determined. Cf. v, iii, 110, and note.

11. (stage-direction) [**Draws back the curtains**] : this stage-direction is in accord with contemporary usage ; cf. *The First Part of the Contention* (1594), which at the point corresponding to *2 Henry VI*, III, ii, 146, reads, *Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and shewes Duke Humfrey in his bed.*

16. **aqua vitæ** : cf. III, ii, 88.

55–59. **Beguil'd, divorced . . . martyr'd, killed !** the speakers are referring to themselves.

56. **detestable** : principal stress on the penult, as always in Shakespeare's verse. Cf. v, iii, 45.

58. **O life ! not life** : a piece of rhetoric perhaps modeled upon Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, III, ii, 1–3 : —

> Oh eies ! no eies but fountains fraught with teares ;
> Oh life ! no life, but lively fourme of death ;
> Oh world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs.

71. **promotion** : cf. III, iii, 154, and note.

82. **fond** = foolish.

83. **reason's merriment** : an object of derision to the reflective mind, which thinks of death as the entrance to eternal life.

109. **dump** : a mournful or plaintive melody or song ; used in a serious passage, *Two Gent. of Ver.*, III, ii, 85.

115. **gleek** : *to give one the gleek* meant to mock, to make sport of him. Whatever wit formerly inhered in the remainder of Peter's speech and in the First Musician's reply, has long since evaporated, and its nature cannot be conjectured with plausibility.

120. **carry no crotchets** : put up with no whims (with a pun on the musical sense of *crotchets*).

126. **dry-beat** : cf. III, i, 82, and note.

132. **Catling** : the word meant a fine catgut string.

135. **Rebeck** : a three-stringed fiddle.

149. **stay** = **await** : cf. II, v, 36.

Act V, Scene I

The time is apparently Wednesday afternoon (Rolfe). Romeo's expectation of joyful news increases the interest with

which we watch his reception of Balthasar's tidings. The promptness with which he resolves and acts shows how rapidly his character has developed under stress. There is dramatic irony in his defiance of the stars. His attempt to frustrate their apparent purpose (that of eternally parting the lovers) leads directly to the tragic conclusion which they have decreed.

27. **patience**: three syllables; cf. v, iii, 221, 261.

51. **present** = immediate.

56. **Being holiday**: what is the purpose of this?

70. **starveth**: for the form, cf. Prol., 8, and note. Q1, "And starved Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes." Some editors, however, have substituted *stareth*.

71. **hangs**: cf. II, iii, 52, and note.

80–83. Is there any appropriateness, arising from situation or character, in Romeo's tirade against gold?

Scene II

The same day, evening. This scene explains why the Friar's letter did not reach Romeo, and increases the suspense of the following scene by leading us to hope that the Friar may appear in time to save Romeo's life.

5. **associate** = accompany. As a measure of discipline, the friars were required to go about in pairs.

18. **nice** = trifling; cf. III, i, 159.

25. **three hours**: cf. IV, i, 105, and note. The statement is more precise than could be warranted; for Friar Lawrence had no means of knowing at what hour Juliet had drunk the potion.

Scene III

The night of Wednesday–Thursday, ending (as the first scene of the play began) at daybreak. In Elizabethan performances, the tomb doubtless occupied, or was represented by, the space beneath the upper stage. It probably had practicable doors, which Romeo opened with the "wrenching iron." The word "descend," l. 28, may be explained by supposing the entrance to the tomb to be above the level of the stage, with steps leading down within and without.

The introduction of Paris into the catastrophe, and his death at Romeo's hands, are of Shakespeare's own invention, and

while in a sense uncalled for, serve to heighten the catastrophe and to demonstrate by one further misfortune the disastrous working of the feud. The unheroic flight of the Friar on hearing the noise made by the watch is a weak spot in the conduct of the scene, a part of Boisteau's modification of the ending, which Shakespeare took over from Brooke. By a similar adherence to his authority, Shakespeare allows Romeo to die before Juliet awakens, and thereby misses the possibility of a poignant final scene between the lovers, such as actually occurs in the versions of Da Porto and Bandello, Romeo learning too late that Juliet is alive. For the third time the citizens, the heads of the houses, and the Prince are all brought upon the scene together. The long explanations called forth by the Prince's questions are necessary to Shakespeare's purpose of concluding the play with the reconciliation of the two houses, from whose enmity all these woes have sprung.

12–17. A stanza like those of *Venus and Adonis*: cf. 305–310.

14. **sweet water** = perfumed water, as in *Tit. Andr.*, II, iv, 6.

33. **jealous** = suspicious.

45. **detestable**: cf. IV, v, 56, and note.

68. **conjurations**: cf. III, iii, 154, and note.

70. **have at thee**: cf. I, i, 79, and note.

86. **presence** = presence-chamber, hall of audience in a palace.

110. **set up my everlasting rest**: cf. IV, v, 6, and note. Here, as often, the phrase is used with allusion to the customary sense of *rest*.

111. **inauspicious stars**: cf. Prol., 6, and note.

115. **A dateless . . . engrossing Death**: an eternal compact with Death, the monopolizer.

116. **conduct**: addressed to the poison; cf. III, i, 129, and note.

122. **stumbled**: a bad omen.

148. **comfortable**: affording comfort or support.

148–162. At what point does Juliet discover the body of Romeo?

160–167. The reader, upon first thought, may think these lines inadequate. He finds set down the words corresponding to Juliet's discovery of the cup, to her inference that it contained

poison, with which Romeo has ended his life, to her discovery that the cup is empty, etc., etc., but no words to express her amazement, her terror, and her anguish on discovering the body of Romeo within the tomb. But it is not Shakespeare's intention that these should be expressed in articulate words. Lines like those of Capulet (202–205) would be incongruous here. For dramatic purposes, the passage is best as it is.

162. **timeless** = untimely.

166. **restorative** = cordial; used metaphorically of Romeo's kiss.

170. **rust** : Q1, *rest*. The merits of the two readings (apart from the question of authority, which favors *rust*) are well worth discussing. On the modern stage, the play ends with this line.

181. **circumstance** : cf. II, v, 36, and note.

211. **breath** : after this line, Q1 continues, "And young Benvolio is deceased too."

220. **lead you even to death** : be the first to die of grief.

221. **patience** : cf. V, i, 27, and note.

222. **suspicion** : cf. III, iii, 154, and note.

225. **Doth** : cf. Prol., 8, and note.

241. **marriage** : cf. IV, i, 11, and note.

247. **as this dire night** : the *as* simply serves to mark the phrase as an expression of time ; cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, V, i, 72, *as this very day* ; *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 74, *As then.*

261. **patience** : cf. V, i, 27, and note.

270. **still** = ever.

284. **by and by** : cf. II, ii, 151, and note.

295. **kinsmen** : Mercutio and Paris ; cf. III, i, 114, 194 ; V, iii, 75.

297. **jointure** = marriage-settlement; an estate settled on a woman in consideration of marriage.

305–310. Cf. 12–17, and note.

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